

ETHOS



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*Elizabeth Schippert*

Elizabeth Schippert, '71





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Vision #1

Nash '69

Lizbet Nash, '70

# MAKER

Hello, good man,  
I am master of images,  
spinner of semblance—  
are you here to be captured  
in line  
or form or  
some magical medium  
unknown, undisclosed?  
Let me cast you in glass,  
for (judging your style)  
you're suited to values  
transparent  
and slight.  
I'll compose you in truth  
mold you sinewed  
and slendered and  
so delicate  
you'll succumb to a whisper  
and shatter like milkweed  
into slivers of dust.  
In glass, good man  
is the way I perceive you—  
have I mastered your image,  
formed you, or not?

Marylinda Poule, '70





S. Loretta Karr

Sr. Loretta Karr, '70

# Asylum for Refugees

When the five o'clock sun  
wrinkles moonspun skies,  
the Zookeeper laughs  
on his hill of peanuts  
and dead balloons  
    unleashing  
monday morning's hoards of mice  
    screeching blindly  
to see-through doors  
locked between  
    NO EXIT signs  
flashing red in mirrored eyes  
    trapped  
in rusty zoos and futile jigsaws  
puzzled by missing keys  
and crinkled grins all frozen  
in confusion.

Joan Hoffman, '70





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Ocean Bay Park

Shields 69

Marian Shields, '71



# moonshine

Moon—midnight  
and dawn  
shine  
over here—  
nothing you can do is wrong  
long after day goes down  
and night comes up  
coaxing the stars  
with a kick  
pushing wind through my heart  
there you are  
riding flush  
on a tide of  
spring luck  
and the stars winking  
know  
a lonesome man  
from other fools.

Judith Power, '70

## *EXIT: FROM IDEALISM*

yesterday  
at the first dawn  
everyone just naturally knew  
(they were born knowing, of course)  
she was the Dresden figurine, of course.  
  
passing the shelf-throne  
little mouths hung wide and feared  
if the nails in her shelf fail  
the world comes unglued  
  
an exactness in miniature and flawless form  
glaring down,  
she fixed the scene forever static.  
At dusk we always met like Buddhas  
sober, soulless, painless, as if the Dresden figurine  
were a vase, we focused our nothing on her,  
our Self.  
mesmerized captives bound up in a glass god



perhaps it had to come but death was contained in the thought  
of tomorrow  
so we waited  
and waiting grated and grinded life into glass  
it was dark when our lunatic did it  
and furious hate burst the earth, glass smashed  
wounding the long dead and blood ran.

a creature  
a strange creature  
a limping beast under the shelf shadow  
moved

and some little bent appendage  
reached out  
all mouths dropped low in awe  
it was a hand  
then in the black doom and rubble heap  
of shattered glass, a stumbling sound  
save, save, me  
save me  
me!

Sister Maryann McCourt, '70

# THAT

# SUMMER

Kathleen Babineau, '71

Rutted roads. Thick dust.

"Damn!" My briefcase slides from the sticky vinyl seat as the car bangs over another rock. I should go straight back to the city. Maryanne will have supper waiting, and tonight is Jeff's Cub Scout play. After seventeen months of lawyers and deeds and real estate agents, I should be glad that this is my last trip.

I ease the car to a halt before the iron gates. In the shimmering summer heat nothing moves. Every sound seems too loud in the stillness of the cemetery. Why have I come back? To remember — what?

The soft whistling of an invisible bird is the only sound in the cemetery, in this not-quite-real world of heat and death. I hadn't remembered the slope as being this steep. Twenty-eight years can tighten a man's legs and make his breath come in such small, hot gasps. Drops of perspiration prickle my forehead, and my side aches. I bend to examine several gravestones before I find the one I knew so well. Here it is — seeming smaller and more vulnerable than I remembered. Joel's name etched carefully into it. Age 10. God, were we ever that young?

The glaring sun forces me into the shadows behind the marker. There was this same kind

of sun that day, so very long ago, when life came crowding in too quickly. Funny how the important things when you were a small boy with summer innocence and movie-colored dreams become fuzzy over the years and melt into the back of your mind. So long a time to have been away. And all the tears you swore you'd never stop crying have dried and been forgotten.

From my vantage point I overlook the town. It seems smaller now. I probably never would have started coming back if my cousin Susan hadn't finally decided to sell the land. For eighty-six years our family has owned the acres beyond the water towers. But now taxes and the lure of the cities have forced all the Warrens from this town, and I have come back to close the sale, to sweep away the memories, to erase our family's name from this town.

But why don't I leave? All the last papers are signed. Maryanne will be anxious. Three o'clock already, and I promised to be home by four. There isn't even anyone to visit. I've said all my good-byes — all, that is, but one. I have never mentioned Joel to my wife, or to anyone else who hadn't been a part of that happy, crazy, terrible world of growing up. Never seemed any point to it. You grow, move away and leave so much half-buried in the little caverns of your mind; in those deep-down wells of half-vanished dreams that only you can touch and no one else penetrate.

Leaning here against the stone, I can almost hear Joel's hi-pitched laugh, and I half expect him to come loping over the hill, hair slicked wet against his head from swimming in Bray's Pond. He'd laugh all right to see me now, full grown with a wife and a son as old as he. Never had there been such marvelous, such wonderful friends as we. There was nothing we wouldn't dare — my broken arm after falling off a barn roof proved that. Nothing too great to defeat us, and nothing too insignificant not to be shared. Joel was ten and knew everything. I was nine and believed everything. We were old enough to shake the summer gods from their mountains and have the wind and sun and life itself at our command. That summer — that sad, beautiful, long ago summer. We had everything then, and could run just fast enough to stay one step ahead of losing all.

Our friendship wasn't entirely exclusive, though, for we included one more member: Dog, so nondescript that we finally despaired of ever finding a noble name for him, and thus resorted to the obvious. A nothing kind of animal with nothing special about him, except that he had half of one ear missing. No one



knew what happened to it, but since the day he wandered into Joel's backyard and never left, we had invented seventy-nine different stories about it. Joel's favorite was about Dog, fighting his way out of a pack of wolves (his ancestors), one of whom bit off his ear as a reminder of his true heritage. It was kind of difficult to imagine anything ferocious about such a lazy dog, but when I was nine years old, and Joel's eyes got all wild and gleaming, I just believed. That's all.

Every Saturday morning, I'd follow Joel and Dog to the woods behind the cemetery and watch Joel pretend that Dog knew all the commands we gave.

"Heel!" "Fetch!" "Sit!" We'd shout after his flicking tail, and he'd ignore us like a long-suffering nurse until our voices grew hoarse and scratchy. I always thought he was a pretty dumb dog, but Joel . . . he was different. I never thought there could be such love in the whole world. Oh, he'd yell at Dog, call him "stupid" even tell him to get lost. But you always knew it was just an act, that as soon as it got dark, Joel would whistle for him and the two would go swinging home.

"You and Dog," Joel would say as the three of us lay in the tall grass, with summer sun making the whole world lazy. "You and Dog are the two things I love best in the world." And then he'd pat Dog's side absently, and we'd lie there dreaming.

One particular Saturday morning — funny, I can even remember that fuzzy green sweater I wore — we set out as usual for the woods. We were especially loud that morning, yelling and running through the dry grass. We watched the half-bitten ear dart in and out of the tall stalks, and then into the woods. Joel whistled softly — an airless tune — while I flung pebbles into the branches overhead. He began to tell me about this monster movie he'd seen last week when a sharp crack echoed through the woods.

An instant. A frozen moment. Gun. Dog. Yelp. And then the stillness.

"Damm dog! He scared away that deer." The red plaid jacket emerged from the shadows beside us, as Joel broke into a frantic run.

"Hey, mister," I said softly. "You shot his dog." Funny that I called Dog "his" and not "ours."

As though only now aware of us, the hunter glanced at me.

"That stupid animal has no right running loose here. You're lucky he was the one who got hit, and not you." He stopped and stared at me. Something in my face must have made him uneasy, because he began to shift

awkwardly from one foot to the other. He glanced quickly in Joel's direction and listened for a moment to the deep-throated croonings that Joel was making as he knelt over Dog.

"Look, kid. I'm sorry about your dog." I meant to tell him that it was Joel's more than it was mine, but I didn't. Muttering, he fumbled quickly in his shirt pocket and withdrew a crumpled five dollar bill. "Here." He shoved it toward me. Without thinking my fingers closed over the limp paper. It all happened before I was even aware that my arm had moved from my side.

"Buy another one, and next time watch him more carefully." He hesitated again, as if not knowing whether he should say anything more. Then he just wheeled and disappeared into the woods.

I stared at the money I held tightly in my hand. I have never had that much in my whole life. Fishing poles. That's what we would buy. "Hey, Joel!"

Turning quickly in my excitement, I froze halfway round. Joel's ashened face stared back, and the first thing I noticed was the blood on his hand as he unconsciously stroked the still side of Dog. That hand — back and forth. Back and forth. I glanced at the bill I held, and a nauseating wave of shame swept over me. My throat became tight and dry.

"It was just an accident, Joel. He didn't mean it. He wasn't so bad."

Hot anger flushed Joel's cheeks as he stumbled toward me. "What do you mean," he screamed. "What do you mean 'he wasn't so bad'? He's the meanest man in the whole world."

Searching for words, I held out my hand. "But look, Joel. He gave us five dollars. We can buy fishing poles and a kite. Besides, Mrs. Hyatt's dog just had a litter. You can have one of those. Yeah, Joel. You can have one of those. Why, we can train it to be a real hunting dog." Standing there, trying to reason with him, I suddenly felt so much older than he.

"I don't want nothing from him." His arm flung out in the direction of the departed hunter. "I don't want nothing from nobody. I just want Dog." His small mouth was working wildly, and his white fists tightened spastically over and over and over. "You should have told him," he whispered fiercely. "You should have . . ."

Then anger just drained from him, and he began to cry quietly — soft, wet sobs which made his skinny shoulders tremble. I reached out to touch his arm, but he shrugged me off. Silently, he turned and knelt in the grass.

Gathering the cold, stiff body in his arms he staggered just a bit in getting to his feet. I reached out to steady him, but he had already straightened and turned down the road. Watching him walk away, I had a vague, uneasy feeling that I read about things like this in school — something about soldiers and carrying the bodies from battle.

I dropped the five dollar bill somewhere in the dust on my way home. Never stopped to pick it up, either. Just kept walking behind Joel all the way, until his stiff back turned down a different road and left me standing there. The heat was oppressive; it was hard to breathe. Maybe if I had known that he was going to die, I wouldn't have just stood there. Maybe I would have done something. Said, done, been anything other than what I was then. But as it was, I only stared after him and grew older, all in an afternoon. From everything to nothing. From being free to being grown too quickly. I never had a chance to say I was sorry. Joel drowned two days later; a stiff, wet body dragged from Bray's Pond and carried home in the arms of a sheriff.

Almost like carrying Dog, except this time no one was foolish enough to think that five dollars makes it all better.

"You should have told him," Joel said. I guess there's a lot of things I should have said along the way. All the compromises since then, but none so hotly real as the first. Maybe that's why I have come back. To say I am sorry for giving in so soon.

I trace and retrace Joel's name. Somehow it doesn't seem late anymore. My knees buckle a little as I struggle to my feet.

I guess we all get old, Joel. Everyone grows whether they want to or not. Everyone but you. You escaped in time.

The shadows are blending now into dusk, and the graves are only slabs of stone. It will be good to go home and find Maryanne waiting. I'll tell her about Joel tonight, when she's sitting there, watching me eat. And she'll understand if I say we should buy Jeff a dog. She'll probably say, "Yes. That's a good idea. Every boy should have a dog." But I'll know what she is really saying.





✓ Susan Fallon

Susan Fallon, '70



*Sr. Susan Thornell*

Sr. Susan Thornell, '70



*Most sensibly signed:*

*yours emotionally,*

*me*

I (sitting over there cross-leggedly  
beholding me)  
am lying straight out sideways  
in the air (out from  
the walls of the room corner  
which hunch to repeat my body's  
bent: concrete incredible  
cave,  
no more) floating rolling  
gently resting above  
the shock-mad matron  
gravity.  
I and myself our visions mix  
and the cross-legged's stare turns cross-eyed  
in despair to see successive feelings  
wander  
full-free over in and under  
my sketchbook skin.  
The high and low relief of wrinkles  
on that cement encrusted face  
hate and hate to see  
the smoothness of emotional contortion  
which does bless,  
and does bless me.

Nancy Harten, '71

# EVENING IN NEWBURY STREET

Haunted faces glide  
and glow through the night's black smoke  
wavering in oily shadows,  
neglected faces that carry  
reality like a stone on their chests.  
They are preying on each other  
dressed in the skins of crouching leopards —  
but they keep the ritual sacred.  
Tense fingers twitch in grey rumor,  
haunted eyes stare inwardly,  
inwardly to an altared realm  
where the stone hammer of night  
hovers and falls.

Nancy Brady, '71



JANET MULLEN, '71

Janet Mullen, '71



